NEW YORK, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1891.

remote corner of the world concludes that it should develop its resources after the fashion of the most enlightened nations. it usually begins by building rallroads; and when it arrives at this wise de-termination there are just two countries to which it turns for the capital and cains required to overcome all obstaclesthe United States and England. Very frequently within the past twenty-five years these two countries have aided in building railads through countries theretofore untravelled by lecomotive. The men who do the main work are such as have received thorough training in the various departments of big railroad companies. It is necessary that they should have experience, ingenuity, patience, and courage. In almost every instance they will encounter difficulties that have never before beset them, and however clever and able they may be, they may still suffer defeat if they lack determination and courage.



Such is the opinion of Mr. W. W. Thompson wone of the chiefs of the mechanical de partment of the New York Central Railroad. Mr. Thompson is one of the railroad men who have seen service in strange countries and nder remarkable circumstances. In his way he has been a knight errant, travdieg like the chivalrous gentleman of d, wherever adventures could be found. Mr. Thompson does not look like this sort of man. He seems more like one who knows comforts when he sees them. and would rather lie between clean sheets than bunk in an ill-ventilated cabin or roost in the branches of a tree. He might easily be mistaken for one of those who say they could

not die peacefully out of hearing of the

Bowery's roar. But his appearance is deceiv-

ing. The other night, while resting com-

entably in the cushions of a big, easy rocker

at his pretty Mott avenue home with his wife

a sigh, that he was getting restless and longed for more travel. Yet, Mr. Thompson has

been on the go for fully twenty years, and is rapidly approaching that age when men hate

to move their quarters.

Mr. Thompson was born in Scotland fifty-

three years ago, and came to this country when

child. His parents settled in the Ninth ward,

where he was reared and learned the trade of

machinist. He became acquainted with all kinds of machinery in Ferguson's shops, and

at 19 had become an export. Then he had an

opportunity togo to India. A Boston ice man-

macturing company had sold an ice machine

to a company to Calcutta, and Mr. Thompson

was sent to teach the Calcuttans how to set up

the machine and rue it. It seemed that his career of adventure was to begin early, for when

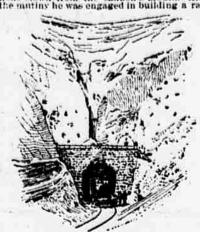
he arrived at Calcutta everybody was excited over the Sopery mutiny. The Europeans formal first outlying settlements had field to the city for safety and everybody was in dread

side him. Mr. Thompson acknowledged, with

WANDERING LIFE'S PERILS.

NEW YORKER'S ADVENTURES IN
ASIA AND SOUTH AMERICA.

W. W. Thompson Tells How He Fought
Sepoys and Tigers in India and Assessions in Pers-Bifficulties of Hallway Construction in Uncivilized Countries,
When a second-rate Government in some romote corner of the world concludes that a should develop its resources after the



THE MOUNTAIN OF QUICKSAND. road through some of the worst country in India. He had charge of the mechanical de-

road through some of the worst country in India. He had charge of the mechanical department.

"I saw tigers in plenty in those days," he said. "and every once in a while one of our fellows would be missing. The jungles are not fine country. I can tell you. The snakes were the meanest things we struck. There were little green fellows hidden in the grass, which was so much like them in color you could not distinguish them. Their tite was deadly, though they weren't any bigger than your hand. I had one experience with tigers that I will never forget. I was stopping in a bungalow just outside of a jungle. There was a noted tiger hunter with me, and he had come him cone one night with two little cubs that he had captured alive in the jungle. The young ones made a good deal of noise with their whining, and the mether heard them. My friend said he rather expected her around, and suggested that if we climbed on the roof and left the door of the bungalow open the mother would come right up to us. I wasn't very anxieus for her company, but still I didn't want to say anything, so I followed his advice. Fretty soon I heard the most blood-curdling cries that ever filled my ears. They made my heart jump, I can tell you, and shortly two enormous tigers came stalking out of the jungle directly toward us. They looked almost as fall as the bungalow, and I felt that they could jump up to us as easily as winking. Their eyes shone, and I felt a little stek as I thought of what was probably coming. But my friend did not seem a bit frightened. He waited till they came pretty close, then up went his gun to his shoulder and down they went one after the other. He put a bullet into the brain of each, and that was the last of them. Still, one such experience is enough."

In the bedroom of his Mott avenue home hangs a life-size portrait of Mr. Thompson as he appeared in the cavalry service in India. He still treasures the sabre that he carried. After the railroad was finished Mr. Thompson

thought he would like to see New York once more, and he came back. He was not here long before he received a good offer from Peru, and off he went to Lima.

"The Puño Railroad, on which I was employed, was being built by the famous Henry Meiges," said Mr. Thompson. "He was a wonderfully shrewd man and made an enormous fortune out of his contracts with the Peruvian

from 10,000 to 20,000 feet high, and some of the ravines and chasms were the veriest devil's pits a man ever looked into. In one place where we had to tunnel through a mountain, there was an enormous bank of quick-sand along the side of the mountain, and this kept coming down at unexpected moments. On one of the lofty mountains the track formed a perfect V. It ran around to a point where further progress was impossible. There the train was put on a turntable, whirled around, and sent off at an acute angle. All the locomotives came from the Unite States, but the stations were built in England and brought to Peru in pieces.

motives came from the United States, but the stations were built in Engiand and brought to Peru in pleces.

"Life in the mountains was sometimes decidedly unpleasant. An American or Englishman is a sort of Czar when he handles natives. They are so frightfolly hay and frequently so treacherous that the only way to conquer them is to show them that you are their superior. We had regular stocks of the old-fashioned kind, and whenever they misbehaved we fastened them in and laid the rawhild over their backs till they were ready to do as told. No amount of talk would have effect, and they respected us according to the amount of punishment they received. One American can whip a regiment of them. They are so accustomed to fighting in the dark and stabbing in the back that when a man comes along and hits out straight from the dark and stabbing in the back that when a man comes along and hits out straight from the shoulder they have a panic. But a man must be on the alert all the time. Let them once get the flea that you are weak, and it sail up with you. While I was at work in the mountains a man named Ball, from Brooklyn, came along. He was the representative of a company that had been formed to mine coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal in the mountains. There is about as much coal



A NATIVE HUNTER.

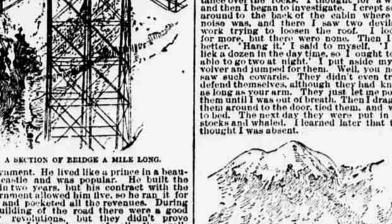
him. He laughed and said it was all right. Not long after that he was murdered. Some fellow shot through the window of his cabin and he was doubtless killed on the spot. But whoever entered the cabin, and probably there were a lot of them, beat out his brains. Everything was taken away. As soon as we heard of it every white man got on horseback, and we made a grand search for the murderers. There were some pretty lively times around there for a while. A few nights after that I was alone in my cabin when I heard somebody at work on my roof. I was aroused out of my sleep by the noise. It was dark as pitch in the room, and it fashed through my mind that the same fellows who had killed poor Ball were going to do as much for me.

"I confess that I was frightened. I lay in bed for a little while, too disturbed mentally to move. The noises continued, and it seemed to me that they were trying to take the roof off. By and by the racket got too loud for me to stand it any longer. I got up, slipped on a pair of trousers, took my revolver, and opened the door softly. It was a beautiful night, such as one sees only on the lofty mountains of Peru. The stars seemed within reaching distance, and aithough the air was so clear it almost furt my nostrile, still there was something soft and pleasant in its effect. Two miles away I could see my locomotive standing on the track. I knew that the



THROUGH THE CAVES OF THE INCAS

fires were banked, and if I could get overthere I could defy a whole regiments of natives. It seemed my only hope, but it was a long distance over the rocks. I thought for a while and then I began to investigate. I crept softly around to the back of the cabin where the noise was, and there I saw two devils at work trying to loosen the roof. I looked for more, but there were none. Then I felt hetter. 'Hang it,' I said to myself, 'I can lick a dozen in the day time, so I ought to be able to go two at night. I put aside my revolver and jumped for them. Well, you never saw such cowards. They didn't even try to defend themselves, although they had knives as long as your arm. They just let me pound them around to the door, tied them, and went to bed. The next day they were put in the stocks and whaled. I learned later that they thought I was absent.



13.11.11



of an attack. Mr. Thompson had hardly gained this information before the able-bodied men in the city formed a military company, under the title of the Calcutta Volunteers. It was a cavalry company, and Mr. Thompson, finding the ice business not in demand just then, in the district of the Calcutta Volunteers. It was a cavalry company, and Mr. Thompson, finding the ice business not in demand just then, in the control of the



DEESSED FOR THE PANDANGO. in the world if they didn't pay so much homage to the little images they carry around with them. They struck me as being half heathens. I never saw such an immoral people, but I believe the climate is partly responsible for their sins. We passed a good deal of time camping on the pampas, and found that part of our experiences delightful.

"The railroad was built over and through and alougside of the mountains, and you never saw such engineering symastics as were required there. The mountains were

"Another time I had trouble of a more serious nature. My wife was with me this time, and we were living in a little village of Juliaca in the mountains. We were surrounded by Indians, and there wasn't a white personwithin miles. My wife got along very well with the natives, but some of them didn't like me. One day an Indian came to the house and said he wanted to see Mrs. Thompson alone. I thought that was odd, but I paid no attention to him. My wife went into the kitchen with him. Presently she came in bale and trembling. William, she said, they are going to kill you.' Who? said I. This man told me that there are two fellows in the village who have agreed to kill you.' she replied. They have sharpened their knives and are waiting for a chance. I said I thought I'd put a stop to that. I got hold of the indian who informed my wife and found out just who my would-be assailants were. Then I went down into the village and caught them, hauled them up to the stocks, and laid on the whip till they were half dead. The knives they had were like cleavers and as sharp as razors. My wife kept them for cutting moat for a long time.

"Mrs. Thompson enjoyed life in Juliaca in some respects. The air was so pure it made one feel good, but so rare that one not accustomed to it had to take short, quick breaths, and got tired very easily. A finany feature of it was its effect upon the cocking. It took ten minutes to boil an egg, and beaus would not soften inside of two days' boiling. You realized how high you were when a storm came on. Mrs. Thompson sometimes was so frightened she wouldn't dare stay out-doors. Anybody who has not been in them cannot imagine what the storms in the Peruvian Mountains are like. The air was to to sceak for the storm clouds are all around you. Illis the houses and the air you are breathing. You are right in it, so to sceak for the storm clouds are all around you.

when the ground opened right in front of me, leaving what was solid a moment before a deep, ugly chasm, while all around the earth would be torn in a hundred places. I have seen tidal waves that would scare the hair off your head; but I never saw anything worse than Mount Mystic, asset foreigners called it. That is one of the hill set peaks in Peru. I started to climb it one day with a party of seven. We took along a tin box full of United States newspapers and an American flag. Half way up the mountain we came on a charcoal settlement. A rougher looking set than those charcoal burners I never came neross. They live there the year around and know absolutely nothing of the



world. It took us three days to reach the top of Mystic, and four of the party gave out before we got there. There was absolutely no vegetation within a considerable distance of the top—nothing but rock and lava. The top was largely taken up by the crater, for Mystic is a big volcano. The opening covers about two acres, and I guess it comes as near being a likeness of the genuine hell as is to be found this side of death. The smell of sulphur and brimstone and the vanors are enough to kill. We buried the box and planted the flag in a hurry and started back. All the mountains of Peru are steep and lard to climb, but the natives can carry heavy loads up them with ease.

In running our road through one section of mountains we came across many caves of the Ineas, and pulled out any number of nummies. It seemed wonderful that those fellows should ever have been alive. They looked like so many waxen images. The skin was drawn tight over the bones, but was hard and firm as stone. I could never get through my head, though, that those fellows were the ancestors of the iow-lived cowards that are said to be the true natives of Peru. They must have degenerated awfully, for they certainly never could do the wonderful things that are gredited to the Ineas. In fact, there are no people in Peru to-day who have either energy or intelligence enough to achieve much.

As an instance of how things move, you might take the two gunboats that were purchased by the Government for one of the interior lakes. The ordinary boats on the lake are made by the natives of rushes, and are very good. It took twelve years to get the gunboats, and then they were of little practical value. They were built in England and shipped in carts to Peru. The pieces were carried over the mountains on the backs of mules, and as one or more of the mules would so astray, or drop down a chasm, there would always be pieces missing by the time the main parts got to the lake. In all those years an English engineer was kept at the lake to put the boats together at a



"I had some a results experiences with the revolutionists and the regulars. Frequently I have carried a lot of regulars over our read in the morning, and a lot of revolutionists in the afternoon. Sometimes they made it so unpleasant for me that I was glad to put on steam and fly away, with the bullets whizzing through my cab windows. One day a company came along, and the officers wanted me to take them over the road. The tubes had been removed from the engine, and, of course, I could not comply with his request. I tried to explain this to the officer, but he would not listen and would not understand anything except that I would not do as he wished. He began to jabber like a wild man, and, pulling out his sword, threatened to run me through. His sword was like an clongated two-edged razor, but I had seen things of that sort before, and did not scare for A cent. He began to wave it over me, and I got mad, and turning my back on him walked away. He could not understand that method of taking his threats, and that's all that came of it. The Peruvian women are quite pretty when young, but lazy and not reliable. When they go to the fandangos, or dances, they carry on about as crazily as the men. You may know what village a woman lives in from the shape of her hat, each village having a distinctive shape.

Mr. Thompson sai! he met several English-

shape."
Mr. Thompson sai! he met several Englishmen and Americans in Peru who were stranded, but many others were making fortunes. He is now considering an offer of ex-Mayor Grace, who wants him to go back. Mrs. Thompson says that New York is good enough for her.

THE VOLCANO IN THE SEA.

A Tunisian Island that Committed Suicide. The submarine volcano which gave such a bad shaking up to the island of Pantellaria last week is still receiving considerable attention from the Paris papers. Pantellaria lies at the northeast of Tunis, and the disturbance occurred about a mile and a half from the west coast of the island. The sight was grand beyond description. The waves went up like mountains and reared in an immense whiripool of boiling water, from the centre of which came smoke and flames that rose far above came smoke and flames that rose far above the immense clouds of steam. All this was accompanied by what might be called submarine thunder of the loudest and deepest kind, while the water became black with the ashes of the volcano. Pantellaria trembled, as well it might, and its few lazy inhabitants were thrown into the wildest excitement.

From the point where the phenomenon appeared on to the coast of Sicily the bottom of the sea is volcanic, and Etna and Vesuvius are set down as the chimneys of the great furnace below. It is in the vicinity of this spot that the great submarine volcano of Giulia appears from time to time, lifting its cone far above the water and throwing up lava and flames; and when it becomes exhausted it sinks down again with terrible rumolings, while the sea dances at a furlous rate.

There is a funny story in connection with this eccentric volcano. In 1831 the Czar Nicholas sent some war vessels to reconnoitre the coast of Pantellaria with a view of building a fortress there. Just then there was an eruption of the Giulia which sent up an island six kilometres in circumference. When the sea became tolerably cool and calm this island was captured by the crew of a British man-st-war. They planted upon it "the flag upon which the sun never sets." The guns boomed, the sallors cheered, and the band played "Bule Britannia." At the close of the ceremonles the island began to shake, and soon it was discovered that it was slowly sinking down into the sea. Then there was a grand skedaddle for the boate, and shortly after the British tars had reached their vossels the island was gone. It drowned itself rather than belong to the English. The Russians laughed, but they never got their fortress on l'anteliaria. the immense clouds of steam. All this was

Returned and Found His Wife Another's, From the Chicago Daily Tribuar.

From the Chicago Daily Dilbert.

Wichtra, Kan., Nov. R.—A strange experience is that of Arthur Wilson and his divorced wife, who after thirteen years separation met here yesterday. Wilson having come from Morris, Minn, where he lives, to claim the woman he still supposed his wife. The two were married in Sioux City, Ia., in 1877, and had lived together but a year when Wilson disappeared.

No trace of him could be found, and the wife some months later left the State and went to Omaha, where, after getting a divorce, she married a young merchant named Fleming, who afterward turned out to be a scamp, and who, four years ago, was arrested in Missouri for forgery in Omaha, was taken tuck, and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary. Mrs. Fleming has been in the city for two years, and only a few days ago was seen and recognized by an old friend, who informed her first husband of her whereabouts. Wilson says he was the victim of a blackmailing conspiracy that caused his disappearance from Sloux City, and that he has been searching for his wife all these years. He lost no time in getting here, and the result has been a satisfactory explanation, and as soon as Mrs. Feming can get a divorce the will again become tra. Wison.

AN EPICURE'S THANKSGIVING.

How to Make a Few Dishes for the Occasion. After all, what is it that distinguishes one kind of celebration from another? To children and simple folk, and to many who are either children nor simple, it is but the one thing-the variety, extent, or peculiarity of the

accompanying menu.

We are a nation of enters, and express every kind of exuberance, just in the proportion that the table groans with edibles. Children receive their first and lasting impressions of how to celebrate, in the abstract, from birthday cakes and parties, Christmas goodies, New Year's plum puddings. Thanksgiving turkeys. Easter eggs, and dainties, and on all other pos sible and excusable occasions for a feast, of some degree. Other appointments of commemoration have become secondary, if not merely incidental; hence the desire for new and tempting dishes is ever on the increase. It is not altogether an unpleasant occupation, searching for novel and tempting dishes, for should the efforts crown one Thanksgiving dianer with success, the reward will have been

ample.

Below are a few suggestions for a Thanksgiving dinner, such as you would eat in Charleston. South Carolina, or any old Southern
town, the inhabitants of which are epicures

town, the inhabitants of which are epicures by inheritance.

Much has been said and written in derision of Southern cooking; it has been said that the Southern people. If ye verything, "and "swim their food in gravy," and "revei in rich pastries," and "delight in heavy deserts," but the fact remains that they know how to eat, and are the best cooks in the world. Their markets contain the first and finest of everything—not hot-house grown, but fresh and natural and perfect—and the descendants of the old black mammy's know to cook, by instinct. This combination of circumstances is calculated to produce a menu par excellence.

Of course the thought around which Thanksgiving dinner clusters, as a nucleus, is the

TURKEY.

The pride of the Southern epicure is to have this few as large as possible, and fat. It must be nicely dressed, and then it is ready for treatment. Place in a close-covered vessel, with enough water to cover entirely. and boil until slightly tender. While it is boiling prepare the dressing as follows: Roast a pint of large chestnuts in their shells, stirring them occasionally so that they may be unithem occasionally so that they may be uniformly toasted. When brown, shell and pound fine in a mortar. Throw into a large bowl, and add three stale grated rolls (or that have been softened by stoaming and free from himps), and three corn muffine; I pint fresh oysters, with their liquor; I small onion, shaved fine; 2 sticks colery, cut fine for I teaspoonful celery sait), sait, pepper, a sprig of parsley, a pinch of cavenne, 3 tablespoons of butter, and 3 hard boiled eggs, that have been mushed very fine with a fork. Beat and thoroughly mix adding water in which the turkey is boiling until the proper consistency, which must be stiff enough to put in with the hands. When the turkey is ready, and cooled sufficiently to handle, stuff full and tight, and whatever you have left put in baking pan to make gravy. Bake in water in which it was boiled, basting frequently and gradually turning the fowl entirely over, allowing the breast to brown last. When it is of a beautiful golden brown all over it is done. The heart, liver, and gizzard, after being boiled, should be cut up fine and left in the gravy, half of which should be thickened and yellowed by the yolk of an egg beaten in, and the other half made brown with browned flour, or white with the white of an egg stirred in, and served in a double gravy boat. When the turkey is taken up the dish should be garnished all around with hrown fried or steamed oysters, and the sliced white rings of hardboiled eggs, while upon the turkey are placed the wheels of yolks out of the slices, and over all sprinkle a dainty touch of green parsley leaves. "Now isn't that a dainty dish to place before a king?"

PILU.

Boil one pound of tender breast bacon in formly toasted. When brown, shell and pound

Boil one pound of tender breast bacon in enough water to cover well till very tender, then lift out, and place over steam, where it will keep hot. Put into the water, in which the becon was boiled, one pint of the best rice, nicely mashed, and a quart can of tomatoes; add a little salt, and cook till thoroughly soft, stirring often. This should be cooked slowly, and in a double boiler. When done, put in a covered dish. Slice the bacon thin and lay on top the rice, and serve a slice with each spoonful from the dish. This is a very nutritious and delicious dish.

CORN PONE. Take one quart fine white meal, a pinch of salt, and mix with sufficient cold water to make a stiff dough, form into small oblong pones, flatten by patting the top, put in a very hot pan, and bake in hot oven till lightly browned. browned.

The most usual and desirable style in the South, however, is to make these pones about half the size (but fint) of a loaf of bread, and each purson breaks off a piece at the table.

SWEET POTATOES. Wash and wipe dry, bake till soft, then wrat in a large towel and keep warm. They are placed on the table in their jackets.

MOULDED SALAD.

This is chicken salad, in any preferred style or seasoning, moulded into shapes between lay-ers of jelly. This is what is known as ASPIC JELLY.

It is made of ordinary gelatine, and according to the usual directions, except that it is flavored with pepper, salt, white vinegar, and flavored with pepper, salt, white vinegar, and a pinch of cayenne and celery salt, instead of sugar, wine, and spices. It is also quite an improvement to boil previously in the water used for this jelly an onlon, a carrot, and a boy leaf—but this is not necessary.

This jelly must be clarified with eggs, if wished particularly transparent. When it is made fill the bottom of a mould about half an inch deep, and sliew to set; then place on it a smooth laver of salad, and pour over it a half-inch depth of jelly, and leave to set. When turned out this may be garnished to suit the taste, and makes a very pretty dish.

TELEGRAPH PUDDING. Put in a large bowl one pint molasses, one pint buttermilk, one quart flour; beat in one teacup butter, one teaspoon soda, one-half tea-cup sugar and lastly one cup of raisins, currants, dried cherries, or any dried fruit derants dried cherries, or any dried fruit desired. Make very stiff batter, hone bag greased and floured drop in boiling water and hoil steadily for two hours. This, when sliced, should be almost as dry as cake. It may come to the table ablaze; if so desired sprinkle a small handful of sugar overit and pour on six tablespoons of rum. Apply match and serve burning.

SAUCE. BAUCE.

One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, two cups water, one tablespoon flour (stirred in the sugar). Cook till smooth and thickened, flavor with brandy.
To this menu may be added soup, fish meats, desserts, &c., but when you have partaken heartily of the above, in their respective states of perfection, you will be ready to cry, "Hold, enough!"

MARGARET ANDREWS OLDHAM.

Encouraging Prison Philanthropy.

Professional Humanitarian—My poor man Professional Humanitarian—My poor man what brought you here?

Billy the Bilk—Well. mum. I'm afraid I. slipped outside the path of virtue a trifle. Ye see I cut the throat of my wife, brained my baby, set fireto the house, and shot two policemen who tried to arrest me. Oh. I'm a bad, bad mas, mum. Butit was the drink as did it. Ji'mmy the Burglar—Here, you measly, petty-larceny thief, why did you tell that woman such a lie? You know you're here for stealing chickens, and you haven't enough nerve to tackle a good live rabbit.

Billy the Bilk—Well, pardner, I've been here before, and I knows how the wimmen folks act. They don't feed and pet no common, low-down coves. If you wanter live on sponge-cake and angel food and get bouquets and books you've got to convince 'em you're a bad, bad man. See? Nothin' short o' murder 'goes' wid 'em.

In a Trance for Seventeen Years. Prom the Cleveland Leader and Morning Herald.

Press the Circuland Leader and Morning Herald.

WOOSTER, Nov. 9.—Seventeen years ago Mrs.
John Boose, wife of a stone mason, we stricken with a peculiar affliction of body and mind.
When her husband called her one cold winter
morning she was with difficulty aroused, but
could not speak. From that time until within
the last ten days, she has always kept her bed
during the day, but would get up at night, attend to her housework, and walk noiselessly
from one room to the other, never speaking a
word, and always retiring to her bed at daybreak. She was visited a few days ago by an
old neighbor at whom she gazed long and
earnestly, and putting out her hands she asked
if her daughter was not now 17 years of age.
She at once arose and has since been up every
day, converses with all and has called on a
few neighbors. She declares that she has been
in a trance all these years, and that the years
were a blank in her life.

RANDOM JOTS OF THE WEEK.

Fopning Lectures—Ten Notables—The Long-Winded Talker—The Scientific Alliance— A Sensible Prencher—Women to Debate.

A good many excellent courses of popular lectures have been organized in this city for the winter season. One can attend courses upon literature or special branches thereof, upon various sciences, upon the arts upon travel, upon physics, upon natural history, upon economics, and upon laws, besides several courses upon themes of a miscellaneous kind. So far as I know, nearly all the lecturers are competent to deal with their chosen subjects. It is an excellent thing for men and women who are busy in the day-time to go to a good lecture now and then in the evening; for thus they may gain knowl-edge, which is the seed of wisdom.

"The Ten Most Notable Men in New York" s the title of an essay, the author of which thinks that they are Jay Gould, Thomas A. Edison, Robert G. Ingersoll, De Witt Talnage, Chauncey M. Depew. Grover Cleveland, Richard Croker, Henry George, and a couple of editors, all of whom he sketches in a freeand-easy way. A publisher who tiked this es-say, asked its author to compose another upon The Ten Most Notable Women in New York:" but the author reported after a while that he was unable, with the aid of all his friends of both sexes, to find in the city feminine names which had gained notability that could be put in comparison with that of the men here named. And yet there are many women of many talents in the city.

In Stockton's new novel, "The House of Martha," there is a character of a kind known to most people in life, a long-tongued, longvinded talker. This loquacious character can find nobody to listen to him, everybody being bires a listener by the week. It must be admitted that he talks sagely at times to this hireling, and he even grows humorous on occasion, as when, in a monologue upon man's

tympanum, he says:

"During my lonely walks and rides through the country about our village, I cogitate upon the present social value of the human car. Why do people have ears? I asked myself. They do not use them to listen to one another. Then I pendered further, and suddenly the truth came to me—the ears of the present generation are not purveyors to the mind; they are merely agents of the tongue, who watch for breaks or weak places in the speech of others in order that their principal may rush in and hold the field. They are jackals, who scent out a timid pause or an unsuspecting allence which the lion tongue straightway destroys. Very forcibly the conviction came to me that nowadays we listen only for an opportunity to speak."

I guess that, after all, this loquacious man of I guess that, after all, this loquacious man of

Mr. Stockton's fancy, and of everybody's acquaintance, may be worth listening to sometimes. Give him a show when there is no better talker around.

The newly formed Scientific Alliance of New York is already becoming a distinguished in-stitution, and giving hope that it will aid in making this city more than ever a scientific centre. It is an alliance between six of the local organizations for scientific research—the Academy of Sciences, the Microscopical So-clety, the Botanical Club, the Linnman Society, the Mineralogical Club, and the Mathe-matical Society—which have formed a Council that is to hold periodical sessions and prepare the programmes and bulletins of the ork of the several bodies in the Alliance. The Scientific Alliance will soon proceed to raise a massive edifice for its service, in which the fine collections of its various branches will be kept and in which its meetings will be held: and it is gratifying to learn that the funds for this purpose are in sight.

The new institution has been founded under favoring auspices, and its prospects are excel-lent. It will surely be an honor to New York. Here we have "Liberty Enlightening the World." and here also we have science like-wise engaged.

There are several of the important scientific societies of New York that do not yet belong to the Alliance, but it is to be presumed that they will be invited to join it.

As was seen in our recent elections, all the races of mankind that come to New York begin to take an active interest in American politics soon after they get here. We had of old, and still have, the German-American and Irish-American voters, but beside these we now have thousands of Italian-American voters, and many thousands of Hebrew-American voters, as well as Bohemian-American, Polish-American, Hungarian-American, Spanish-American, Swedish-American, Franco-American, Canadian-American, and other foreign-born voters. Nearly all of our Hebrew immigrants are auxious to become American citizens as soon as possible, and they "declare their intentions" in the official way as soon as they can do so. The Italian immigrants have, within the past two or three years, shown an increasing desire for American citizenship. The great majority of the can citizenship. The great majority of the immigrants from other countries procure their naturalization papers without any further delay than is required by law.

It is well Every foreigner who comes here to stay here ought to become an American as seen as he can, and take part in American politics and in the direction of the governmental business of the United States.

It is a long-headed preacher out West who has retired from the pulpit for three years in order to study astronomy and geology, for the reason that all modern preachers ought to know something about these and other natural sciences, as well as about ecclesiastical dogmas. It is a solemn fact that many cieries their sermons if they could be induced to fol-low the example of the Western brother who seeks to comprehend the revelations of the skies and the earth.

Nobody who read THE SUN's report of the last meeting of Sorosis will doubt that

Nobody who read The Sun's report of the last meeting of Sorosis will doubt that there are now plenty of Now York women who are able to hold debate in a stately way upon public questions. The arguments of the feminine speakers on both sides at that time were reasonable and thoughtful; their language was choice and striking, and their mutual courtesy was worthy of the gentle sex. It is pleasant to read the report of a debate possessing the characteristics of that held by the women of Sorosis.

I know "Durkest New York" and its denizens better than they can be known by the Rev Hugh Price Hughes the English delegate to the Methodist Ecumenical Conference in Washington, who has been talking about them He is reported as saying that "the condition of the multitudes in the slums of New York is as bad as that of those in the slums of London." Now, there is a difference between the two multitudes, and I referred to it has tyean in This Sux, when telling of what I then saw in "Darkest to the times of the troglodytes. They seemed to have no life above the mire, no prospect beyond the slum, and no hope of the betterment of the conditions of their being. It is otherwise, to a measurable extent, in New York. Even among the swarms in the most distraught rarts of this city there is a hopeful spirit that makes itself telt by outsiders who mingle with them; there are aspirations in many minds, especially in those of the younger folks; there are prospects that give cheer to those who cherish them; there are encourage in menorts forever in circulation; there is a notion that opperlumine—of the them; there are encourage in the province of the might and endeavored to keep bankes stold the province of the might and endeavor to get a shot at it of the product of sodden generations, running about them to dead "critter," and the trap-independent of the product of sodden generations, running back to the times of the troglodytes. They seemed to have no life above the mire, no prospect beyond the slum, and no hope of the best term to the co

MOLTKE'S LOVE LETTERS.

MORE OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS UNFORGOITEN MARIE.

He Pleads for an Early Wedding Day, and Offers to Buy Her Trousseau, Ready Made, in Berlin, to Facilitate Matters-Reminiscences of the Battle of Ninh.

The second installment of Field Marshal von Moltke's love letters, published three weeks ago in Berlin, contains his side of the correspondence between him and his future bride. Marie Burt, during June, 1841. On June 12

he wrote:
"How delightful your letter of the 6th was, good Marie! I know it all by heart, I have read it through so many times. I am glad that you and Jeanette found the things from Naples pretty, and still gladder that you write so lovingly. I love you more every day and count the hours to the time when we shall meet again.

"Paps must allow us to be married this winter, even if the wedding takes place as late as New Year's. If I were to sit here alone in my easy chair all winter I should pine away entirely, and it is certainly no disadvantage to you to marry three months earlier. I hope, on the contrary, that it will be an advantage to you, for I will watch and care for you as the apple of my eye, you delicate little flower! Do say, 'Yes,' Marie, and help me persuade papa and mamma. I will write to mamma, we will get Jeanette on our side, and will not give papa a minute's peace until he says 'Yes.' At Christmas I will come to Itzehoe, and at New Year's we will have the wedding, and then we will come back to our new home. Here we will start our cosey household, for it is best to begin in a small way and then extend our plans as circumstances permit. I also hope that we shall be able to take a trip to Switzerland, Paris, and, if the money hold out, to England. Whatever papa may give you at our marriage shall remain your own: I have all that we need, and ask for nothing more than you (which is, I think, very much indeed)."

Moltke's plea for an early marriage was

Moltke's plea for an early marriage was answered apparently from Itzehoe with the lamiliar objections about "getting ready," for a few days latter he wrote in a letter from Potsdam:

"You say that the wedding can hardly take place before spring, because there is so much to do," That is a fine reason. All these things may be bought ready made, and I will guarantee that within eight days I can get your whole trousseau here in Ferlin. I will be with you in three weeks, God permitting, and we will faik the matter over."

In his letter of June 12 Moltke mentions that he has just been appointed to a directorship of the Berlin-Hamburg Railway by the managers of the road: "Inis praiseworthy committee may have had an inkling that a certain lovable little magnet draws me ever in this direction, and that I have the keenest interest in the establishing of the quickest communication between Berlin and Hamburg.

"I thank you for answering my questions. When will the ball at the Ewards take place? What gown will you wear? Write me with whom Jeanette dances the cotilion: perhaps with a certain C. B.? Send me a leaf from our jessamine bower. It is 10:30 o'clock, and, of course, our thoughts now meet each other, loving, darling Marie. It has rained here several days, and although it is clear to-night you can hardy find it pleasant in the garden. Perhaps now you sit at your writing deak, preparing a letter for me, or are in bed, talking 'some nonsense' with Jeanette. I will stop my own nonsense, You will find it difficult to read. I have written so frightfully and hurriedly, Farewell, darling, good, beautiful Marie. I kiss you with all my heart. Write me soon, be merry and contented, and think of him who loves you so deeply.

On June 16 Moltke sent off to Itzehoe a letter for mild in the first with the relative beauties and expensiveness of German the contents and expe

kiss you with all my heart. Write me soon, be merry and contented, and think of him who loves you so deeply.

On June 19 Moltke sent off to Itzshoe a letter full of nunctacal advice as regards the relative beauties and expensiveness of German watering places, and the best resort for persons of the Burt families standing. "Lower and the best resort for persons of the Burt families standing." The says. "I have never fractions in the says." I have never fractions in the say of his life. For half a century he wore it, waking and sleeping, at Sadowa and Sedan, before Paris, and upon his triumphal entry in Berlin, in the busy quarters of the general staff under the Linden, a d at the still lonely tombon the mound at Creisau. He died with the ring on the finger over which Marie slipped it in the garden at Itzehoe nearly two generations since, and those who mourned last at his soldier's bier saw that he carried it into the grava. On June 20 Moltke wrote from Berlin: "You Good, Darling Marie: I cannot go to sleep without wishing you a heartfelt good evening. How I long to see you again and fold you in my arms! The three weeks before our meeting may pass in time, but whether or not the seven months from August to April will ever end. If papa persists has to the deferring of the wedding! I do not know. Another furlough for me is out of the question, and to sit here all alone so long.— Well, then I shall return to you in the spring with gray hair. Have you no hope for this fall?

"All those days I think almost constantly of my life two years ago. On this day was fought the unfortunate battle of Nizih. On the preceding night we made the surprise attack; to-day, after the light, we rode until sundown to Aintab, where, dead tired, ill, and despondent. I stopped a few moments for rest. The same hour, however, found us again in the saddle, and we rode the whole night and all the next day with only a biscuit, two onlones, and water for neurishment. I rode to-day the horse that I then rode, and did not forget that, next to God, I

NOW, HERE IS A BEAR STORY.

The Trapped Brute Assisted by Another Bear in Carrying Of the Trap. P. am the San Juan Prospector.